

MADONNA HOUSE APOSTOLATE THIRTY YEARS OLD

The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

Thirty years ago this month a clear, strong voice was first heard—from the slums of Toronto—preaching the Gospels in modern language. Thirty years ago a young, successful, attractive Russian emigre began to live the Gospels with a few followers.

Since then the Apostolate, started under the direction of Archbishop Neil McNeil, has kept on shouting the same message, influencing thousands, and has flowered into an officially approved and stable way of life branching forth through its members into the whole world.

They Call Her "B"

Many people have had a share in this development but the success of the Madonna House Apostolate, the Friendship House movement, should be ascribed principally to its foundress, Catherine de Hueck Doherty.

So on this, her thirtieth anniversary, it is just and fitting to pay tribute to her perseverance, her rectitude, and her love.

The "B" as she is affectionately called, strikes you first as a big woman. And big she is indeed, not only physically but intellectually, morally, spiritually. During the greater part of these years she has stood pretty well alone in her varied endeavours. One marvels at the fact that during all this time she has never been swayed by the many pressures which attack the mind. A foundress is exposed to many doubts, many fears, many hesitations.

Intellectuals, theologians, great men, have different convictions about the needs of our times, the methods which an apostolate should adopt, the works that should be undertaken, the ideas which should govern an institute. Many did come to Catherine, to investigate, to discuss, to attempt to prove her wrong. Yet she remained unshaken by all these winds of conflicting opinions.

The Power of Love

She remained unshaken for the simple reason that her feet were firmly planted upon the Gospels. Today she preaches, with even greater assurance, the same



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truths which fired her soul at the outset.

The "B" is a big woman; and all the opposition she has met, all the calumnies, all the persecutions, have served only to increase her love for these "enemies". Through this painful and constant re-thinking of her ideas, through her fearless plunges into controversial subjects, through a relentless attempt to live the Gospels, she has developed into a major theologian, perhaps one of the greatest on this continent. Fr. Briere, a great theologian himself, was a professor of theology in a seminary in Western Canada—Editor's Note.

Impatient with complexities which muddle all questions, impatient with corollaries and adjuncts which hide the truth, in every situation—whether it is a matter of personal problems or the direction of the apostolate—

she goes always to the heart of the matter. Endowed with a brilliant intellect illuminated by a vivid faith, she also possesses a rare feminine intuition at the service of a great love.

Shaper of Lives

The "B" is a big woman. Someday in years to come someone will be able to assess her influence over North America. Through her writings, her lectures, a mountainous correspondence, she inspires thousands of individuals. I venture to say that few apostolic movements do not owe her some debt of gratitude. In one way or another she has affected the life of apostolic leaders in North America, such as the Young Christian Workers, through Romeo and Betty Maione—Father Virgil Michael and the Liturgical Movement, Father Thomas Merton, the

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Foundress Tells How It Began — How It Persevered And Grew

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty

There was no denying it. I had found my vocation!

But it appeared so strange to me, so utterly impossible, that I laid it aside, as people do with fragile beautiful garments, within the depths of my heart. I was sure that all I could do with it was to take it out from time to time, and wonder how a human being could get the idea that this beautiful precious vocation might be hers.

There was no possibility, it seemed, at the time, of embracing this strange way of life. Yet I continued to take it out often from the depths of my heart and consider it from all its lovely angles. It seemed to grow too, like a dream grows in the night. Only this was a dream dreamt in God. Yet the vocation was simplicity itself.

I wanted to sell all I possessed and give it to the poor, literally and personally, as Christ advised the rich young man to do, and to take up my cross and follow the Son of God into the slums of our big cities and into the hidden substandard rural areas. I wanted to serve these poor in every way I could, be poor with them, and witness to Christ before them a life lived in Gospel-like simplicity, in the spirit of the Counsels of Perfection, with or without simple private vows. AND I WANTED TO DO IT AS A LAY PERSON. . . NOT AS A MEMBER OF A RELIGIOUS ORDER.

God Points the Way

Why? Because I who had been very rich once, and a member of the upper classes in Russia, had been forcibly shown by God that riches and power and social position are in truth vanity and nothing but vanity: for in 3 days, from the top of the human heap, because of the Communist Revolution, I was reduced to a hungry, cold, penniless, destitute fugitive, hiding for my life.

God spared me. I managed to escape and make my way with my husband, the Baron Boris de Hueck, to Canada. There my son George was born. Two months after my arrival. Then followed years of poverty and hardships. The Baron who had been shell-shocked and gassed in World War One was ailing. I had to be the bread-winner.

Factory worker . . . waitress . . . laundress . . . sales clerk . . . maid . . . I went through all these jobs . . . and learned much from them. I learned, above all, that in the richest Continent of the world, Communism was fast coming in among the masses. I learned that one could be hungry in the middle of New York's 5th Avenue . . . that one could be utterly lonely and desolate on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street.

I learned more, I learned that Christ "and Him crucified", was virtually a stranger to America, especially to those that no one had time to bother about.

Sharing their life of drab poverty, strange and lonely myself, I felt what they felt. I wept with them. Once in a while I laughed with them.

The Slums Clung

Eventually, due to my good education, and some fortunate circumstances, I left the slum areas. But they never left me. They had imprinted themselves on my very soul . . . my very heart. They were like a burning seal.

So when I lost my husband my thoughts went out to them. I FELT I MUST GO TO THE SLUM TO SHARE THE LIFE OF THE POOR, AS A SERVANT OF THE POOR, FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, AND FOR THE SHEER SIMPLE LOVE OF EACH OF THEM.

It was in 1926 or 1927 when this dream entered my heart and became the reality of my soul. No one had ever heard anything like it before. I know. I talked to 99 priests, by my own careful count. And everyone of them, smiling indulgently, pointed out that it was nothing but a passing fancy . . . and that my true vocation was both palpable and visible, my son George, then 6 or 7 years old. Since I had lost my husband, they said, I had a double duty to the boy.

I knew the priests were right. My holy religion told me that. Yet I kept asking one priest after another, and I could not put away the dream dreamt in God, that fragile unreal thing of beauty that filled my heart and soul with hunger and fire.

The desire to serve the Desired One burned in my soul night and day. It seemed true indeed that "it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"

Often I found myself floundering in strange depths, wondering if I were not a prey to illusions. Perhaps the prince of darkness was working his wiles on me?

The Bishop's Word

It is not easy even to try to describe this strange and long fight of mine. The sleepless nights, the long endless days . . . the praying . . . the inability to pray any more . . . the seeking of advice . . . the knocking at priestly doors . . . the certainty of the words of advice . . . and the burning hunger that would not allow me to rest! Where are the words that would express all this?

Finally I went to my Ordinary, Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto. I had learned at my mother's knee that the bishop of one's diocese is one's spiritual father, that he possesses the Holy Ghost in full measure, and that his decisions are in truth God's decisions.

The good prelate listened to my outpourings—for to him I opened my soul utterly. He listened for some forty minutes in silence. When I had finished, he looked at me sorrowfully, yet with joyously (or so it seemed to me). And he said . . . "Child, God has given you a vocation fifty years ahead of your times!"

After making me wait a year to be sure, and also after obtaining the consent of my son, he allowed me to do what I desired! My joy had no end. My heart was filled with an endless alleluia!

It takes time to sell what one possesses. During this time the few friends in whom I had confided, with whom I had shared my joy, came and asked to join me! Two young men, and three young women.

Apostolate Is Born

Terrified, for I had not thought of a group, merely of a "lonely apostolate", I hurried to the Archbishop and told him of this

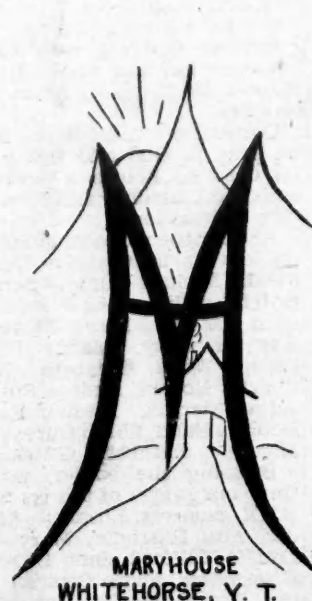
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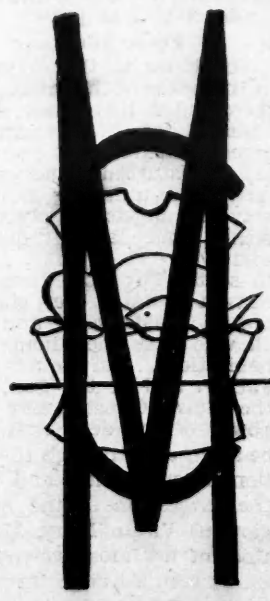
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RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. XIII

No. 10

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Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approval of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Apostolate. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association



WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST . . . IT IS MEET AND JUST TO RENDER THANKS . . . With these words begin all the Prefaces of the Mass. With these words should they be ended. For indeed, what greater gift should they be ended. For indeed, what greater gift can God give us than the gift of life? Life everlasting . . . eternal . . . before His face . . . comes to us through the short years of our earthly life, if they are lived in the Commandments of His Love.

But where are the words—with which to express those thanks? All of them fall short. They shrivel and die before the task a human mind tries to impose upon them.

To meet God face to face, in an encounter of love that beggars expression, is an experience truly beyond all words.

To engage in a dialogue with God . . . a dialogue of love . . . is to see words vanish . . . is to learn the language of silence, which alone can express the longing of a human heart for Him . . . and alone can hear His speech.

And finally, to see even silence vanish . . . and the perfect rest of love take its place . . . when the soul rests in the heart of its God . . . is to know that whatever thanks are to be rendered, they must be rendered by a life lived in constant love.

Such a life becomes exceedingly simple . . . and childlike. It accepts every minute as coming from the hands of the Lover. It uses every minute to grow in love of the Beloved . . . by loving what He loves . . . by doing what He desires . . . with the time He allots . . . minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, and year by year.

Such a life never projects itself beyond the minute or the hour . . . but within that allotted time it seeks the perfection of a given task . . . of the duty of the moment, which is the will of the Beloved . . . and rests, like a child . . . in the arms of its Mother . . . in the will of the Beloved.

Such a life would not presume to evaluate the results of a given task . . . nor recount the time it took to do it. For souls living in love, time ceases to exist long before its span is ended. They already have entered eternity, for they have entered the heart of their God, Who is eternity.

Such a life leaves results to the Beloved . . . content to do the task for Love's sake alone.

True, the use of words returns to souls in love with God. But their words are simply echoes of His. They seem to have lost the ability to speak for themselves. They have nothing to say of themselves . . . For they are filled to the brim with their love, who is the Word of God . . . and from whom all speech stems.

Men speak of total consecration . . . of total dedication . . . of utter surrender. But to souls in love with God, even these saintly words have lost all meaning for they can only think of love . . . and loving . . . communion and unity . . . sharing and having their being in the Beloved.

Love cannot analyze . . . dissect . . . or wonder about the meaning of many words. It doesn't have to. It simply gives itself over to being loved and loving. The rest seems to take care of itself . . . for all things come to rest in love . . . as all things began in it.

DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST . . . IT IS MEET AND JUST TO RENDER THANKS . . . but the only way that man really can render thanks is by CRYING THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST SILENTLY, BY HIS LIFE.

This is the soul of the apostolate. This is its essence. For this He came. For this He died. For this we live . . . now and in eternity.

Words shrivel and die. And men who read them must go beyond them . . . into the immense silence of love . . . where even all dialogues cease and perfect rest begins.

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, undying Fount of joy and beauty, this letter is a prayer that has been shaping itself into words since August 15th, the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, my wife's birthday, and the day of promises and vows. It is a prayer of love and gratitude, and, of course, of petition. I want something from You. Something stupendous.

It was those girls that started me composing this prayer, those lovely young things in their formal high heels, their pony tails, and their very best second-hand dresses, standing before Your altar in the Madonna House chapel, giving themselves to You. They were so eager and so serious and solemn, and so holy! And they were so full of joy at the sacrifice they were making! The place was saturated with their emotion. Even I was stirred!

The King's Daughters

At first it was only their beauty that affected me. I'd words paraded before me in new uniforms, marching to the music of their physical and spiritual perfections. "The beauty of the king's daughter is from within . . . As a lily among the thorns. Thy lips are as a scarlet lace." I was an ugly thorn bush delighted with the sight of fragrant lilies—or of "nuns" in lipstick, the phrase a newspaperman gave our girls. They justify it, Lord. Indeed they justify the phrase.

Through the years we have been in Combermere I have seen many young people stand before the same altar and make the same promises; young women just as beautiful as these, and young men too. Lord, how many men and women have given themselves entirely to You in the thirty years of this apostolate? We have lost count. Young and old, they always did something to me; but these six did something extra. Or maybe You let me see something I had not seen before.

I knew they had discovered a great secret—that what they were giving You, one year out of their lives, was an insignificant gift compared to what You were giving them. You were giving them joy on earth and promising eternal joy in heaven. They had made up their minds that the life of a Staff Worker in Madonna House was an arduous one—as it is indeed—and that it might lead nowhere except to inexhaustible piles of potatoes, or eternal messes of dirty pots and pans. In spite of that they were generous enough and brave enough, to offer themselves to You. Because their love was great. What a happy shock to realize that Your love is infinitely greater—and that there can be supreme bliss in peeling spuds and scouring filthy pans!

Lighted Love-Lights

Their love and their new-found joy shone in their faces, Lord. It shone more brightly than the blessed candles, the love-lights flaming on Your altar.

The rules of the Madonna House Pious Union made it compulsory for them to promise they would serve You in poverty, chastity, and obedience, for but one year; yet it was plain they were offering a complete oblation of themselves, that their hearts were putting no time limit on their gift. They were like brides pronouncing their marriage vows. Does a bride marry for just one year?

The ceremony, unlike that in which a maid becomes a wife, or a novice a professed nun, is a simple one. There is no veil, no cutting of hair, no elaborate costume, no trousseau. The boys and girls stand in line. Each reads the promises aloud, in turn, then signs the paper. Sometimes a paper shakes as it is read. Sometimes a voice has difficulty getting through the words. Sometimes a hand forgets its cunning as it pens a signature. But who isn't nervous, Lord, in such a sacred moment?

After Our Happy Years

For a little while I envied them their excitement, their joy. I remembered that I hadn't felt any such emotions when I made my vows, that October evening in 1955. But I thought then that I was saying a sort of farewell to my wife, a sort of eternal goodbye to marital enjoyment. It was a gift supreme, but I gave it reluctantly, most reluctantly! How could I know You would give me Yourself in exchange? How could I know You would unite us a hundred times more closely than we had knit ourselves? I thought of this, looking at that glowing sextet; and I no longer envied

them. I wanted them to be as happy as You made me. More, I wanted them to feel some of the joy I felt when Your priests anointed me.

Is it four times or five You gave me Extreme Unction? My wife, Catherine, says I was first anointed by Father Pat Dwyer, that February night in 1948 when I had such a terrible pain over my heart. I don't remember. But something must have happened through Father Pat's visit, because I didn't care whether we ever got to the hospital. Catherine had fixed a dozen pillows for me warmly. She had bidden the driver to go slow, for the 70 miles were full of snow and ice. She was in torment, in fear, in dreadful anxiety for me. But I was almost deliriously happy, in spite of the pain that tortured me. The northern lights were dancing in the sky, and You were my Father showing me. Your little boy, how You made them dance. My heart danced with them. And I loved You exceeding much.

Life? Death? So What?

When we reached Pembroke I demanded we stop in a restaurant. I had to celebrate. I knew heart patients don't do things like that. God, Catherine knew it too. I might drop dead any minute, yet I had to stop and eat before I saw a doctor! She could not understand my joy.

Of course Fr. Pat must have given me the Sacrament, or at least the short form of the Apostolic Blessing; "By the power conferred upon me by the Apostolic See, I grant unto thee a plenary indulgence, and remission of all sins; and I bless thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then there was the August night, years later, the feast of St. Dominic, when I lay in St. Catherine's, across the bridge, with a priest much sicker than myself. I was in some misery, but not worried about it. When he said, quite gravely: "Eddie, how would you like to make your last confession, and receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction?"

I thought of a prison chaplain at the last cell in murderers' row. "Everything's ready for the hanging," he announces cheerfully. "Let's get your confession over, so we can start the death march. You don't want to make the hangman wait, do you?" The priest's words to me had something of this effect, but I wasn't frightened. I was curious, and hopeful. I had missed Fr. Pat's anointing if indeed he had anointed me. This time I wanted to miss nothing. I think I was happy just at the thought of the Sacrament.

A Texas Breakfast

If I stayed awake I remember little. I do recollect waking the next morning feeling incredibly well and happy—and sure of life. Something similar happened the last time too, in Texas. I went soundly to sleep as the priest touched my eye lids. I woke refreshed and well, eight hours later, feeling I could eat all the ham and eggs in Texas. Texas ain't so big!

Only once did I remain alert and aware during the administration of this "Sacrament of the Sick." That was in Combermere. I was helpless, in considerable pain, and not sure of life or death. Yet at the mere entrance of the priest I knew the bliss of a baby wrapped in feathers and furs and left on the doorstep of a house on the edge of heaven.

I guess I completely abandoned myself to You, due to the graces that came through the fingers of Your priest. I knew an unreasonable delight, an infinite security, the ecstasy of a clean conscience, the wonder of a great love, and the absolute certainty of eternal life. It was like having Mary and her angels in the room. I almost died of joy.

Peace and Love

The clues to the mystery are in the words of the priest . . . "May there enter this house, O Lord Jesus Christ . . . unending happiness, heaven-sent prosperity, joy undisturbed, practical kindness, and unfailing health. . . may the angels of peace come hither, and harmful discord of whatever sort depart . . . deign to send Thy holy angel from heaven to watch over, encourage, protect, abide with, and defend all who have their home in this habitation . . . In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, may all the power of the devil against thee be at an end, through the imposition of our hands, and through the invocation of the holy and glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of her most worthy spouse St. Joseph. Through the most sacred mysteries of man's redemption, may Almighty God remit unto thee the punishments of the present life and the life to come; may He open to thee the gates of Paradise. . ."

Lord, if the blessed in heaven know a joy like that, or one greater how wonderful to die! I have not known the raptures nor the ecstasies of the saints, nor do I expect to. Why should I? But I don't know anyone who has ever been quite so happy as I on that occasion.

I shall be seventy if You let me live until the thirtieth of this October. You have been patient with me, God, and long-suffering. You even introduced me to the Infant of Good Health, in Morelia, Mexico, and to His mother, Our Lady of Good Health, in her shrine not far from His, thus giving me new energy and strength. I am on a diet, it is true, for some people think I am too fat. (They say I took vows of poverty, chastity, and obesity.) I eat only what is given me—and what I can steal. But I am not wasting away, I do not feel that death is near me, though I suspect it must come soon. So I arrived at the stupendous thing I want to ask of You.

Lord, it would be dreadful to die without the Sacrament of the Sick, the Sacrament of the dying. I think I should be in terror, remembering all my sins, unless I were sure Our Lady would be there, with Blessed Martin, the Little Flower, and "all my gang." Let me be anointed at least once more, on my death-bed—if, indeed, I am to die in bed. Let me feel the holy oils. Let me feel My Lady present. My Lady of the Trinity—a trinity herself, Your daughter, spouse, and mother! Let me hear the healing words of Your priest. Then let me wake before Your awesome throne!

I ask this for myself, and for all those near and dear to me, especially those six who now speak, so "bridishly", about their honeymoon.

Thank You for my three score years and ten. God. Thank You for the death awaiting me. Thank You for Extreme Unction. Thank You, most of all, for Our Lady of the Trinity, Our Lady of Life and Death, Our Lady of Combermere, Our Lady of the Madonna House Lay Apostles. With love in life and death, Your Eddie.

Dignum Et Justum Est

By Catherine Doherty

After having rendered thanks to God for my own vocation, for creating, through my unworthy and humble instrumentality, a new apostolic family in the Church, thanks must be rendered to those who shared the pain and suffering and joys of pioneering.

First to be remembered and thanked and prayed for, must be those who already "have run the course and have earned their crown." Among these is Miss Grace Flewelling, one of the original pioneers of our apostolate, who started with us on October 15th, 1930, its very first day, who participated in the first foundation in the U.S.A., in Harlem, New York, and, who come to begin with me the foundation of Madonna House in Combermere, Ontario, Canada in 1947. She died here on August 8th, 1951 and is buried in the Catholic cemetery of Combermere, not far from Madonna House.

Next comes Elizabeth Teevens who took part in the foundation of the Harlem, New York Friendship House. She died in Portland, Oregon, in Stella Maris House in 1958.

Larry Lee — one of our first Negro Staff Workers in Washington, D.C.

Elizabeth Leonard, who helped to put on their feet both the New York and Chicago houses.

Jim Donohue, one of the first New York volunteers.

Ted Leberthon, also a New York Patricia Connors, who died in her twenties, and who helped to pioneer Madonna House in Combermere.

Turning our faces to the living, we pray to God and thank Him for Olga La Plante, a pioneer of both the Canadian and New York City foundations.

And for the pioneers of our first foundation in Canada—Beatrice Field, Michael Gray, Sergeant Pritchard, Elizabeth Walsh, Bernard Wilson, David Stevenson, Kay Kenney, Mary Carroll, Philip Wiese, Elizabeth Walsh, Charles Rogers, Audrey Sullivan, John Paterson, Eleanor Kemlee, Douglas Bond, Philip Dubey, Mary Maloney, Elizabeth O'Meara.

Crossing the border, we continue our prayer of thanks for the U.S.A. pioneers. Elizabeth Schneider, Ann Harrigan, Mary Jerdo, Loretta Clifford, Jane O'Donnell, Belle Bates, Marie Cepican, Eleanor Merrill, Martha Zeuchbauer, Mabel Knight, Kenneth Laws, Nancy Grennel, Mary Hallock, Iola Summerville, Jim Guinan, Walter Kontak, Audrey Hunt, Alice Von Drasek, Gladys Willet, Muriel Zimmerman, Mary House-

ton, Mary Frejeau, Kathryn Reagan, Robert Lax, Blanche Sholes, Ellen Tarry, Mildred Wiley, Mary Prudhomme, William Flynn, Jody Koehler, Monica Durkin, Monica Smith, Margaret Nicholson, Mary Clinch, Henrietta Hroneck, Thomas Merton. All former Staff Workers of the U.S.A. Friendship House.

And also for our volunteers. Florence Bray (Donohue) Charles Charles Schwartz, Edward Fitzgerald, Marion Fitzgerald, Josephine Zenle, Teena Roseman, Thomas Clifford, Al Paterson, Miss Russell.

Without these pioneers, their perseverance, their loyalty, and their flaming charity, there would be neither a Friendship House nor a Madonna House.

Beside these "early pioneers" I daily remember and thank God for the pioneers of Madonna House . . . Louie Stoeckle, Dorothy Phillips, Mamie Legris, Marie Therese Langlois, Kathleen O'Herin, Mary Davis . . . who bore indeed with me the brunt and the heat of the early days of this pioneering . . . and then went forth to pioneer in the first foundations.

The litany of names would be much longer if I mentioned everyone! For in the three pioneering stages of our Apostolate, Friendship House Canada between 1930-1938 . . . the first American foundation of Friendship House from 1938 to 1947 . . . and the third foundation of Madonna House Lay Apostolate in Combermere, many names could be mentioned of volunteers and temporary staff—who came and went, but who each contributed their share to the building of this apostolate.

Nor would the list be complete, if I did not mention our benefactors . . . old and new . . . whose constant charity and whose gracious almsgiving made possible the spiritual and physical growth of our apostolate FOR THESE THIRTY LONG YEARS!

Daily, we remember too in our prayers those priests who have guided us through the pioneer days of the three stages of the development of our apostolate. And here again we would like to mention a few names of those who played a very special role in keeping our "bark of the Apostolate" afloat.

Father Paul of Graymoor, who had so much to do with the preparing of my soul for the apostolate. Father Filion, S.J. and Father Carr, C.S.B. of Toronto. Father George Daly of the same city. Father Joseph Ferguson of Warkworth, Ontario. Fathers Smith Sullivan and Thomas Manning, both O.M.I.'s, who helped us so much with our first publication, "Social Forum"—and with spiritual guidance.

In the States, Father Gately, Father John La Farge, S.J., Father Ford of the Blessed Sacrament Parish, New York City. Father Mulvoy, our Parish Priest in Harlem, Father Georges, O.P. These were all instrumental in bringing about our original foundation in Harlem.

In Madonna House, Combermere, Father John Callahan, Father Emile Briere, Father Eugene Cullinane, Father Paul Bechard, Father Thomas Rowland, Father Joseph Raya and Father John McGrath—and many, many others—who by their kindness, encouragement and interest—upheld us in the dark nights of our beginnings.

But above all, we thank God constantly for the prelates . . . the Ordinaries of dioceses . . . without whom our work could not exist . . . and who through all these years with their paternal understanding and love, sustained our apostolate by their blessing and approval.

Archbishop Neil McNeil, our original Bishop Founder. His successor, Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto. Archbishop Forbes of Ottawa. Cardinal Hayes and later Cardinal Spellman of New York, without whom we never could have come—or stayed—in that great diocese. Cardinal Stritch and Bishop Sheil of Chicago, made our second foundation of Friendship House. Archbishop O'Boyle of Washington. Archbishop Howard of Portland, Oregon. And our own beloved Bishop Smith, the Bishop Founder of our Pious Union and our Madonna House Apostolate.

Archbishops MacDonald and Jordan of the city of Edmonton, Alberta. Bishop J. L. Coudert, Vicar Apostolic of Yukon. Bishop Espelage, O.F.M. of Gallup, New Mexico (Winslow). Bishop Metzger of El Paso, Texas (Balmoria). Bishop Justin Fields, O.P. of the West Indies. Bishop Russell of Richmond, Va. Cardinal Laurian Rucambwa of Tanganyika, Africa.

Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, our beloved Cardinal Protector, and Bishop Larose of Pakistan.

Many are the prelates too . . . who by their infinite charity and moral support opened their diocese to us and permitted us to lecture and beg in them. For all of them, named and unnamed, we render thanks on this Thirtieth Anniversary. God bless them, everyone.



ADIOS CANA 1960!

The day after Labor Day a host of young women descended on our Cana Colony with brooms, dust rags, mops, buckets, scrub brushes, bars of soap, and boxes of whatnot, and gave it the farewell cleaning of the year. Then they tidied everything up and tucked the colony in for the winter.

It is strange to visit the place now. There are no families in the cottages nor in the mess halls, nor on the swings, nor in the shallow waters. There are no cars parked on the green. And the chapel stands lonely among the coloring trees. Seen from a distance it looks like some abandoned wigwam, the tepee of the Lord, mourning the families it had blessed all summer.

Yet there is a feeling of peace in the empty colony, of happiness, and of hope. Kathy Rodman and Jack Scalon, Madonna House Staff Workers who were such important fixtures there this year have also gone away; and they may not be back for years. Kathy was assigned to our house in Portland, Ore., and Jack to that in Winslow, Ariz. But the colony will remember them—if only from these words, which they wrote before they vanished westward:

By Jack Scalon

The good that came out of Cana, no one truly knew but Christ, who wrought the miracle at His mother's request.

Twenty centuries later, Our Lady of Combermere made a similar plea to her Son . . . to change the water of complacency and ignorance in family life into the awesome daily, living sacrifice of wine. This change has taken place not only among the families attending Cana but insofar as these families allow Christ in them to make known the glory that is His, to that degree Christ extends the miracle to the world.

We must remember, though humbly, that the 'jar' of family life and the 'water' of ignorance which filled it are necessary instruments. Thus Christ's power and glory may be seen by all when the wine of Christian love ultimately quenches the thirst of a society which has tried every wine but the best.

As in all of Christ's miracles, we cannot really know how it is accomplished. We only know with certainty that it is done out of love for the beloved. The eight weeks at our Cana Colony have been witness to this.

Each week a new visiting priest lectures at Cana and each week the change is initiated in so many different ways . . . ways which will never be fully realized by our frail, bodily senses.

One priest stresses the simplicity of a personal love for God and how we make that love almost a tangible reality in our every action. This theme strikes deep, and a family leaves Cana with a peace which it had never before possessed.

A Way of Life

Another priest drives home the profound thought that grace is actually the life of Christ in us. Not only does the term "grace" then take on meaning, intellectually speaking, but the high calling of the parents to a participation within the Trinity becomes a way of life for them.

And still another priest, besides providing interesting lectures may have unleashed many streams of inspiration and grace by acts of kindness toward the children with whom he spent most of his spare time.

During one week the stress was centered around the distinction between the spiritual life and the psychological life. The erroneous idea that priests have the right answers to all psychological problems was brought into focus. An intellectual and emotional barrier to grace was thus set aside.

One priest presented the elevated state of marriage so that everyone could understand it when he injected the various ways in which the Eastern Catholic held the sacrament in such high esteem. The warmth and openness of Eastern custom and spirituality seemed to make a lasting impression which could carry over into the everyday lives of the families.

All of Christ's priests spoke of love . . . both human and divine. They spoke of the only lasting love between two parties . . . the love of the two for the Third Party . . . Who is God. They spoke of the urgency of love, the beauty of love, and the complete giving in love. The parents left Cana Colony realizing that it was not a 50-50 proposition but rather 100-100. And as the priests by their voices, and their lives, delivered this message, one could still hear the irresistible plea of Mary at Cana, "Do whatever He tells you."

Cana Commentary

By Kathy Rodman

"Words cannot express our gratitude, but you may be sure that you will be remembered in our poor prayers." This was a little note that we found one Saturday afternoon when the crew of ten staff workers from Madonna House went down to clean the Cana Colony.

Saturday afternoons are like preparing for a wedding! We scrub all the floors, put fresh linen on all the beds in our six cabins, wash everything in the cook-houses, rake the grounds, put all the toys away, wash windows, and put everything in readiness for the new families who soon will be arriving for a week's vacation in Combermere.

Children of God

The families who came each week experience something new and intangible. They participate in a very real "Family Community". And in so sharing they receive and also give true love and joy to themselves and to each other. There is a closeness which comes from a small group of families going each morning together to Mass in our beautiful and simple Chapel . . . and nobody minds if the children cry or talk out loud. For the Lord is there for ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY and the parents all feel that for a while they can live in the freedom of being children of God.

There is a closeness that comes from sharing a common cook-house with other families, and each family trying to love—by being thoughtful in a million tiny ways. But that is the Christian life, a combination of tiny little acts done out of great love. It is the "little things" that most of us are asked to do, not tremendous feats of valor. And so they are watchful to see that the water pails are filled up from the pump, which stands in the middle of the clearing; to help the mother with five preschool children wash and dry her dishes; to share the vegetables and fruits which are extra with another family which one quietly noticed didn't seem to have quite enough.

All the families were thrilled when an 11 year old boy caught his first fish! All the families were sharing each other's problems and each other's joys. . . .

There is a growth in the intensity of the FAMILY SPIRIT the one thing that cannot be obtained outside the family. Food, clothing, shelter, education, approval, and love enough to satisfy the emotional needs of children—all these can be obtained from without. And often times are, to a more or less degree. But "Spiritual Life" of a family, cannot be received from without.

Life of God

It is a sharing in the life of God which is given only WITHIN A FAMILY, and it increases only within a family. It is the quality of creativeness of life, which continues and sustains each member of a family. Without this "spirit" . . . all the food and clothing and shelter and education in the world are like a rich garment to cover something which is "dead".

Family night, Monday night, was one of the highlights of the week. A few of the Staff would go down in the evening and help to organize the younger set into games and dances. Fathers and mothers would take their 3-4-5 and 6 year olds by the hand and play "Bluebird Through My Window", or "Loobie Lou", or "Farmer in the Dell". Or they would sit on the floor and help the very young ones to participate in the "Motion Games", clapping their hands, their knees, and so on.

After a while, the young ones would be tucked into their beds with a Staff Worker to baby-sit for an hour or so, while the parents enjoyed a little Song Fest, and a round of Folk Dancing or Square Dancing.

Romance seems to come into bloom . . . like a second honeymoon. One couple confided after our Monday Night program for the parents, "This is the first time we have been dancing in 13 years!" And as we all said goodnight, we could see them walking hand in hand in front of the chapel toward their cabin.

Families of God

There was always a very warm feeling among the families after such an evening. Six strange families suddenly weren't strangers after one day of "living in Community" and participating in family recreation. All the families were solicitous for the one girl who was slightly crippled with polio and for the little baby who hadn't yet adjusted to the new surroundings.

Many families are seeking desperately for God and for assurance and encouragement in their efforts to raise a family and fulfill their vocation. They seek for someone to tell them that their role as parents is the means of their sanctification, the sanctification of their own families, their community, the entire Mystical Body—that a Christian life is a daily participation in Christ's life, accepting from God what He gives, the crosses and happiness and joys—and that the grace of state given in the Sacrament of Matrimony is their means to holiness, their way of LOVING.

It is their love that unites, but to do so they must give of themselves.

We are so complex. And it should be so simple! It is difficult to integrate one's life, and to realize that sanctity for a mother is the same as for a monk; that patience in the super-market, when someone shoves ahead of you, is the patience of Christ; that kindness and gentleness to a cranky neighbor who annoys you is the kindness and gentleness of Christ. That planning a menu for the fifteen thousandth time, and doing it with love in order to serve one's family, is the SELF-LESSNESS of Christ.

Friends of God

To accept difficulties of long working hours, financial problems, education and transportation problems and housing problems, and to offer them each day to Christ, is SHARING IN CHRIST'S LIFE. To forget one's own needs by being vigilant of the needs of our family, to forget one's own desires by trying to fulfill the desires of our family—that too is living in Christ.

To lay down one's life for our family . . . is sharing in the Crucifixion of Christ. "Greater love hath no man, than lay down his life for a friend". Only God does not ask us to hang for three hours on a Cross—to be the scorn and despair of enemy and friend. We are too small . . . and too full of fears. He asks us only this . . . to live day by day, and to offer Him each day the hundred little "deaths to self-will" which fill each 24 hours.

It is not the families who should be thanking us. It is the Staff Worker who wishes to say sincerely "thank you" to all the families who have been at the Cana Colony. The generosity, kindness, loyalty, peace, and charity, which was so evident, was enlivening and inspiring. It is truly a privilege to serve them. We are deeply grateful.

The Cana Colony is not an end in itself. It is an opportunity for mothers and fathers to learn how to bring up their children and how to live with other families. They leave us only to grow still further in the spiritual life. And the fact that they do grow is attested by many things. For instance, one woman decided to change her whole married-life attitude toward her husband. If there was a decision to be made and they could not agree, she had always grudgingly accepted his idea—but if anything went wrong she never failed to say "I told you so." Now, she says, she will "keep the big mouth shut". Holiness is not necessarily being right—it does require kindness.

Lovers of God

Another woman who liked to give charity never liked to accept it. Now she knows that by accepting she is doing something to please those who give. She knows holiness is not being self-sufficient but in having a complete dependence on God, and a love for God and neighbor.

One couple decided to give two or three years of their life to the work of the lay apostolate in the missions. They felt they had been blessed with their family of six children. A few years was only a slight token of their gratitude to God, and of their love for Him.

But it isn't only the married couples who profit here, as I may have said before. We, the Staff Workers learn much too. I know that often, when I feel myself getting impatient and irritated I will remember one of the mothers at the colony. She had seven children, and another due in December. Two were crying themselves softly to sleep. A little boy came in suddenly, banging the door, waking the baby, and setting the crying children into an uproar. He asked, for the fifth time in an hour—wiping his dirty hands and face on his mother's skirt—if he could go swimming. "No, Johnny", she said quietly, "not until your daddy comes to take you, as he promised he would. And please don't bang the door. You woke the baby this time."

Jimmy walked over to the crib and said, "I'm sorry, Linda", and tip-toed smiling out of the room. He felt loved, because he was loved, and he accepted the correction peacefully because he saw the love. How much patience, Lord do I have?

Prayer of Thanks

Thank you, Christ for giving me these days of retreat—to be with You as your Beloved St. John was during Your earthly life. These days of repose on Your breast—to hear Your heartbeat in the peace and stillness of the country side—to see the touch of Your hand in creation—to feel the warmth of Your love in the gentle breeze, which touches all You have made with new warmth and love. I've sat much during these days near the river. And I've seen the million facets of Your love, in the fleeting little ripples of water made brilliant by the sun. Each seemed to me as a gentle touch of Your love, that quickly passes from human sight—leaving me with the anticipation of beholding them all again in Eternity, I saw Your footprints in the sand along the shore—for every human footprint is Yours. Ome were deep, giving the feeling of strength, some weak and unsure. Others were washed from human sight into the immense river of Your love.

O Christ, may my life be like a footprint that has been washed into the river of Your love and become one with You—to Show to others sitting, seemingly alone, on the shore, the immensity of Your love in the tiny ripples of water struck by the Sun of your love, which is my life. Amen.

Linda.

SALVATION OF RUSSIA

A young woman journalist who has recently been travelling abroad, writes to Restoration about revolutionary forces operating now in Russia. She is Miss Tara Joyce, who is so active in the crusade for the canonization of Blessed Oliver Plunkett.

"Since 1950," she writes, "the underground forces are operating under the banner 13-F—S.S.S.R.—R.R.F. throughout the Soviet Union and bordering countries. Their symbol has frequently been painted on the walls of many public buildings, all the way from the Kremlin to Siberia. The "13-F" recalls Our Lady of Fatima, who appeared to three little shepherds on the 13th day of May, 1917 and came on the 13th of every month thereafter until the day she moved the sun, Oct. 13th.

"At that time the Mother of God asked for prayers and penance, and warned that unless there was a change of heart in the world, Russia would spread her errors throughout the earth.

"The 'S.S.S.R.' means 'The Blue Light over Free Russia'—the light of Our Lady's blue mantle. And the 'R.R.F.' stands for the Russian Revolutionary Forces. These forces, have their own flag. It has three stripes, red, white, and blue. The blue and white are Our Lady's colors. The red is for Russia, but it is also for the red of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

"Anti-Communist literature is being published in newspapers and magazines; and some revolutionary leaflets have been scattered in profusion by active Communists—unknowingly, because said leaflets had been secretly inserted into Communist documents and bulletins. One of these leaflets—which have been strewn in the thousands all over Red Russia and its satellites shows a Russian sailor at the helm of a ship. The Kremlin is beneath him, Our Lady of Fatima above him. And, on the rim of the helm are the words 'Save Russia by returning her to the path of Christ!'"



COMBERMERE DIARY

Staff appointments: Catherine Rodman has been appointed from Madonna House to Stella Maris, Portland; Mary McNamara of Portland has been appointed to Marian Centre in Edmonton. Caryll Wilson of Madonna House has also been appointed to Marian Centre. Jack Scalon has been appointed to the Casa in Winslow, Arizona, and Mike Lopez returns from there to Madonna House.

The appointments to the new Our Lady of Whitehorse Hostel for Indian youth are: Father Eugene Cullinane, Principal; Phil Knight, Sean O'Callaghan, Paul Holland, Mary Ruth, Edith Scott, Mary Pennyfather, Rose Gagne, Jan Hill and Jean Capets.

Dixie McMasters and her mother, of Montreal, spent several pleasant days with us.

Also among our summer guests were a number of parents of the staff whom we are always happy to see: Mrs. Fecteau, Mr. and Mrs. Altermatt, Mr. and Mrs. McNamara, Mr. and Mrs. Halfman, Mr. and Mrs. Capets, Mr. Cortens and Mr. and Mrs. George.

Mr. Llewellyn Scott and his nephew, Roy Foster, were here for a short visit and gave us a wonderful lecture on Mr. Scott's work at the Blessed Martin House in Washington, D.C.

Last month we mentioned the number of Sisters who have visited us. We might also mention this month that a goodly group of seminarians spent some time with us during the summer.

Another interesting lecture of the summer was given us by Dr. Dean MacDonald of Hamilton, Ontario.

Their Excellencies, Bishop Smith of Pembroke and Bishop Field of the West Indies, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Barry, were with us for an afternoon.

Bishop Field imparted much valuable information to us for the proposed foundation in his diocese next summer.

Five new Staff Worker Applicants were received, to begin their training on September 8, the birthday of Our Lady.

We appreciate your good wishes for our 30th anniversary and we trust that with the grace of God all of us may be able to serve souls better, more extensively, and more intensively, in the years to come.

The Reality Of It

By Jose de Vinck

Speaking and writing of God, we have nothing but words; thinking of Him, nothing but concepts; and it is painfully clear to the speaker, the writer, and the thinker that no words or concepts adequately express God.

We read of Him in the works of the Mystics, who came the closest to the knowledge of Him: but whatever glimpse they obtained of His glory, they are unable to convey. They weep at their own incapacity. In their apostolic zeal, they are eager to share this extraneous, super-luminated experiment with all the God-hungry souls. But when they come to speak or write, hardly anything—if anything at all—remains of the splendors they had seen.

When divers, in the glowing under-water world, spot an azure-winged fish, a star of burning red, a delicately purpled sea-anemone, their first thought is to pluck these marvels and show them to their friends. Alas, all they have to show is a dying fragment of steel-colored flesh, a star of troubled pink, a shapeless ooze of gray . . .

The mystics are the divers of the spiritual world, living in a splendor that time and space cannot contain. And when they rise again to the surface of this every-day world, they hold but the extinct fragments of the glories they had seen.

But let us dream with them of what they saw: let us believe that, in all truth, the fish was dazzling blue, the star incandescent red, the anemone purple, and graceful beyond words: let us believe that God is INFINITELY BEAUTIFUL IN AN INFINITE VARIETY OF WAYS. And may we wish for Him now, and see Him always, and forever and ever. Amen.



FOUNDRESS TELLS

(Continued from Page 1)
new development. He suggested that God had evidently given me an additional cross, that of being a foundress, and that I should accept it, and these five people. I should seek a living by begging and praying! I obeyed. Thus the first Friendship House Lay Apostolic group was born, on October 15th, 1930.

The deepening of a spiritual life... through daily Mass, Prime, Spiritual Reading, Compline, the Rosary... short days of recollection... little retreats... Poverty... Chastity... Obedience... lived in the fullness of their spirit... such was our first "LITTLE CONSTITUTION".

Yet even then, from the very start, we had understood that first things must come first, that TO BE BEFORE GOD CAME BEFORE THE DOING FOR GOD, and that BEING, as well as DOING, required constantly expanding our knowledge of God. For knowledge led to ever greater love. FUNDAMENTALLY OUR APOSTOLATE TO THE MARKET PLACES AND TO THE MASSES WAS THE APOSTOLATE TO LOVE!

But it takes more than a dream to make an apostolate, more than a desire to help the poor. It takes time, and pain—suffering of all kinds—strength of heart and will. It takes perseverance. God, who gave the apostolate birth, gave it perseverance.

The Apostolate Grows

The archbishop of Toronto, dying, summoned me to his bedside in the hospital, to give me his last blessing and to warn me of the travail he saw awaiting me. "Persevere, Child," he said. "Persevere no matter what the cost. Souls are at stake, depending on your perseverance."

He gave me a long blessing and asked for prayers. The next time I saw him he was lying in state in his own Cathedral. Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto, the original Bishop Founder of our Apostolate, is one we should never forget in our prayers.

Once again I have heard the command to persevere. That was twenty-one years later, in the beautiful city of Rome... in the summer palace of the Pope, Castle Gondolfo, where I was privileged to have a private audience on October 14, 1951, on the eve of our foundation day.

The audience began with Pope Pius XII saying to me very quietly—"Madam has suffered much"—and adding quickly and with a deep intensity in his voice—"PERSEVERE MADAM, NO MATTER WHAT THE COST... FOR ON GROUPS LIKE YOURS DEPEND THE FATE OF THE CHURCH AND OUR PERSON... PERSEVERE NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!"

Nine years have elapsed since that wondrous day when the Shepherd of Christendom repeated what the Shepherd of Toronto had said.

A Rosary of Houses

Today as I sit in Madonna House, writing this article, I marvel at the incomprehensible wondrous works of God. And in my memory, untarnished by time, is the rosary of the foundations.

Toronto—with its St. Francis House for transient men... St. John Bosco House, through which hundreds of boys passed, finding Christ the Youth, and His Love, which helped them to face their greatest enemy—the streets of a slummy section of a big city.

St. Therese's House did for girls what St. John Bosco's did for boys. Between the two of them, 400 young people were brought back to the Church, many from the tenets of Communism, so rampant at the time. There was St. John the Baptist's House, to house the male staff workers who increased constantly. And Madonna House for the ever-increasing number of our female apostolate.

There was the Hamilton House. And there was St. Christopher's House in Ottawa. And then Blessed Martin's storefront in Harlem, New York—where we went to work among the Negroes. And the Cure d'Ars' Clothing Room. And the three store fronts where innumerable children found God, recreation, and joy.

Telling the Beads

There was Blessed Martin's in Chicago, and St. Joseph's Farm in Marathon, Wisconsin. And the Peter Claver Center in Washington. And there was Portland, Oregon's Friendship House.

Then there was our coming to Combermere—at the invitation of the Ordinary—and the opening of a new phase of the Apostolate, the Rural Apostolate. The Rosary

grew as I watched the Apostolate grow and the Motherhouse send forth her children into the Mission fields of Canada and the U.S.A.

Maryhouse in Whitehorse, Yukon—Working with the Indians and the transients and the problems of a frontier town. Marian Centre in Edmonton. Feeding 700 transients a day, and preparing to rehabilitate as many as possible. Our Lady of the Universe Information Center, in Edmonton also. Bringing truth to many souls. Stella Maris House in Portland, the former Friendship House. Working in a vast interracial field of minority groups. La Casa de Nuestra Señora, in Winslow, Arizona. Working with the Spanish-American, as does Maria Reina in Balmorhea, Texas. And the Hostel of Our Lady of Whitehorse, a foundation of 1960. Ten of our Staff workers went there recently to man a hostel for Indian children who are receiving their secondary education in the schools of Whitehorse.

Always More Decades

A long rosary of names for a short thirty years. And several more to be added in the not too distant future. Next May the House of Our Lady of the Islands will open its doors in Carriacou Island, in the British West Indies. In the fall of that same year, God willing, a Family Apostolate will open in the diocese of Richmond, Virginia. And a year after, a team from Madonna House will go to Pakistan.

There is much to remember... much to be thankful for... and much to look forward to.

Wondrous are the ways of God! Wondrous and utterly beyond human understanding and comprehension! Blessed be His Holy Name. Amen.

Broad is the concept of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. And all are welcome, said Pope Pius XII, to labor in it. To me the slow evolution in the depth of my strange new old vocation seems wonderful. It began so simply. So directly. A little stream. It swelled. It flowed into the bigger streams of the Church. And now it has come to rest within her heart!

It seems incredible that we have become part and parcel of her inner family. It also seems incredible that, bound by the three vows (yes, Eddie, my second husband, and I both took the vows, including that of Chastity—it is so little to give when God asks!) we still remain LAY.

SECULAR INSTITUTES.

though their members are in a state of canonical perfection, ARE STILL LAY, not religious.

Otherwise our Constitutions have changed but little. They still have the same foundations of long arduous, spiritual, academic, practical training for the great apostolate of the Market Place. We still place the prayer life ahead of the life of action—TO BE BEFORE GOD, THEN DO FOR GOD.

Our Own Priests Too!

We still enter a diocese only on the MANDATE OF ITS ORDINARY. We still have chaplains, only now they are our own. For our Institute is composed of priests, lay men, and lay women—something like the Opus Dei.

Strange, you will say, this saga of a dream dreamt in God... of fragile beauty laid deep in a bewildered hungry burning heart... to be taken out and looked at wistfully, again and again! Yes... perhaps... But the impossible takes only a second for God!

I thank Him, if a human being can so thank the Creator, for having allowed me to come in on the ground floor of this form of the Lay Apostolate. The pioneering is done. Now it is coming into its own. And now many understand the glorious call of God to men... the call to witness to Christ in the Market Places of the world! Alleluia! Alleluia!

If you too feel the call of this adventure with God, be not afraid. He will walk with you all the way. And His Mother will walk with you too.

What Do I Love

"When I love God, it is not bodily beauty that I love, nor an attractive face, nor the brilliance of an eye-appealing light, nor sweet melodies, nor fragrant perfumes, nor manna, nor honey, nor limbs of flesh delightful to what do I love? I love a Light, an embrace: it is none of these things that I love when I love God. But Voice, a Fragrance, a Food, an Embrace affecting my inner self. In my soul, there is some Light that space cannot contain, some Sound that time cannot still, some Fragrance that wind cannot dispel, some Flavor that only adds to hunger, some Food that never seems enough." St. Augustine.

After Thirty Years

By the "B"

Thirty years may be a short time so far as history of the Church is concerned; but it is a long time, half my life time, so far as I am concerned. And for all that time I have been raising my voice to the Lord, begging for the poor of the cities and the towns and the out of the way places of the world, and begging, too, for myself and those who share life with me, a little for the bare necessities, food, shelter, clothes.

New words do not come to me. I stand before you today, with my hands outstretched, as the same dumb beggar I have been for these three decades. I beg you first for the ALMS OF YOUR PRAYERS. For we in this apostolate need them desperately, working as we do in places few want to go and fewer still want to live. I beg also for cash, plain ordinary dollars and cents; whatever you, in your charity, wish to place in my hand on the occasion of this, our Thirtieth Anniversary.

Perhaps you have read of the three new foundations we are about to open. But you do not know that many more foundations wait to be opened—and each demands cash of us—money to enable Staff Workers to go there, to live there, and to help those unfortunate find there.

In the name of Christ, who was sold for 30 pieces of silver—and who is still being sold in many places—I beg you to help me bring Him back to His own, with as many silver or gold pieces as you can afford. All I had to give was 30 years. But I could not have given even one year without your charity. Every dollar you give enables us to give of ourselves. Please help us to give ourselves completely!



POWER OF LOVE

(Continued from Page 1)
Christian Family Movement, the Catholic psychiatrists, Llewellyn Scott "The Saint of Washington"... and who knows how many more through the thousands of seminarians and priests who have consulted her during all these years?

The "B" is a big woman. Relentless in her pursuit of the Absolute, she suffers no mediocrity in her self or in her family. She lives her motto "Let us love God passionately; there is so little time." She loves Him present in her own soul, in the tabernacle, in the Church, in her neighbor. To her the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is a living reality.

Yet A Simple Woman

She preaches the immense value of little things done perfectly with a great love. She practices what she preaches as anyone who has worked with her for five minutes can testify. Indeed, her life could be summarized in one sentence: "She did the duty of the moment perfectly with a great love."

And, yet, in spite of all these pressures, in spite of the constant demands made upon her love, in spite of her brilliant brain, she remains a simple woman, a joyful woman, alive to all the goodness and beauty in the world.

The "B" is a big woman because she is small, and weak and poor. God, she realizes fully, can do nothing for the strong. Aware of her infinite weakness, she lives each moment dependently upon His infinite love.

Her work has now taken shape in a stable institute, a Pious Union formally approved by the Church. Her faith, her pain, her trust, her love have brought forth this new family in the Mystical Body of Christ. But her task is not yet done. It seems that in the years to come she will walk with giant steps not only across this continent but across the world. Already many invitations from distant lands wait upon the vocations which God will send to her training centre.

For those of us who are privileged to be associated with her we need no books to tell us of the power of love, of caritas. We have seen it with our own eyes and touched it with our own hands.

One Man's Scrap Is Another Man's Gold

Are shoes scrap? We had a meeting the other day at Madonna House. It developed that shoes are truly precious items... second-hand shoes, that is... and definitely not scrap at all... but a gold-like commodity. I wonder if our readers know that all members of the Madonna House Apostolate dress in second-hand clothes... and take all their needs in that line from the same clothing room that is open to the poor and the needy.

We have some problems regarding clothing... not many... but some... due to different sizes and shapes that the human body assumes. There are the SHOES... Plenty of shoes come through the charity of our friends... but there are, among us, people hard to fit. So I have decided to write in this column about their plight.

Take sizes—10A or B; 9A or B; 7 3/4; 7 or 8A; 6 1/2-7C or D; 7 1/2B. These we seldom see.

Then there is the question of clothing. Most of our young people are easily fitted. But take sizes that vary... between 18 (small) and 16 (large), which in any Department store, would be called half sizes... 16 1/2 or 18 1/2.

Strange as it might seem, donations come from thin people or fat people. The most precious sizes are 36 to 38 in dresses for women.

So, very humbly, we beg the wearers of the special size shoes we have mentioned... when they are done with them, to send them to us.

We promise a special prayer for the donors of these dresses and shoe sizes.

Besides busying ourselves about this very special type of PRECIOUS SCRAP, which is true gold to us, we are making ready for Christmas... though it is only October.

But when we have umpteen little Rural schools to care for, Christmas packing and sorting at Madonna House begins early. Last year we packed close to 15,000 little parcels that brought joy to many children. This year we are asking early for—

1. Second Hand Costume Jewelry.
2. TOYS for the very young ones... from grade one to grade three... boys and girls... the five and ten cent variety will do nicely... and second-hand ones too.
3. For the wiser older ones... dolls and more dolls...
4. For older boys... Penknives... Billfolds... marbles... games of all sorts and puzzles. If anyone has old mechanical sets... or building sets... they would be most welcome!
5. Religious articles... especially statues, pictures... etc.
6. If you have pieces of nice china... or glass... or knick-knacks... you're tired of... we would love to have them... to cheer many a home for Christmas.
7. For the Shut-ins... hot water bottles, bed socks, scarves, babushkas for the older people.
8. For everyone... Mittens, socks, Scarves...
9. For babies... rattles, baby clothes... especially the warm variety.
10. And Candies for Christmas cheer—hard or otherwise... or money for same, would be most welcome.

Perhaps some Academies or Colleges might wish to adopt Madonna House for Christmas and make Madonna House a "project" for the holy season.

Perhaps they could make a "project" of collecting Children's books... then we might make a gift of books to the Rural Schools... and thus off-set by substituting good reading, the pernicious habit of reading comics... which are not always the best reading for little ones.

And families could send us their old children's books too. They would give joy to so many!

A Northerner In The South

By Bob Pelton

The Liturgy of the Melkite Rite in the vernacular is one of the most moving and beautiful things I have ever experienced. To be able to participate externally as well as internally in the prayer of Christ is an immense privilege. The point, I think, is not simply that the Mass is in English, but that by communicating publicly with God in the language with which we communicate with Him in private, and with one another,

all our words, so weak and inadequate, and all those hundreds of tiny actions whose insignificance is often almost unbearable to us, are made holy.

We struggle and struggle and yet fail, privately, to communicate with God and with our brothers. Yet in the Mass, in Christ, we succeed beyond anything we might have hoped. It is this reality of becoming one with the Father in Christ, and with all our brothers in the Mass, which the English shows so dramatically. It is the reality of the Incarnation, and of Christ's continuing presence in His Mystical Body, and in an even deeper way, of our own vocation to extend His Body by living His life that is brought home to me, at least, by Fr. Joseph Raya's Mass.

God and Business

You are probably interested in my job. I sell men's workclothes in a department store here in Birmingham, Alabama. It's a little frightening, because nothing emphasizes more strongly the distance of the world from Christ than the condition of the world of business. It is helpful here to be kind and patient and peaceful so far as one is able. But to teach people how to buy and sell as Christians is so vast a job that it makes my head spin. (I still can't get used to people who come in and say, "I already have blue, brown, black, beige, and green pants. Do you have any gray ones?" I always feel like telling them, "Please go home. What are you doing here?" And then, of course, what do you say to those who can't afford \$2.99 for a pair of work-pants?)

The racial situation is ghastly. I thought that the discrimination in Texas and Arizona was bad, but this is almost beyond description. Except for the segregated drinking fountains, bathrooms, busses, restaurants, snack bars, movie theatres, churches, libraries, parks and schools, and voting booths (i.e., as you know, it is extremely difficult for a Negro to register) there is not a great deal of outward prejudice.

Servant, and Master

I don't mean this facetiously, because everyone down here (except the Negroes, I suppose) accepts segregation so matter-of-factly that they hardly seem aware of its existence. What I mean is that there is a lot less superficial ill-will than in the North. At home, I would have been scared to death to be in a Negro district after dark, but here I'm not. I'm hardly praising the terrible conditions of the Northern slum, but simply contrasting them with the situations. Servants, after all, wouldn't dare to raise their hand against their master.

What is so tragic is that the white man has convinced himself that the Negro is content to remain his servant. The white man wants to continue treating the Negro as his rather dim-witted child, and not as a brother. In this area of 700,000 people, there is not one single group where whites and Negroes sit down together to discuss their mutual problems. There is an almost total lack of that communication which is the basis of love.

But as deeply and dreadfully wrong as all this is, I will never again be able to think of it as a simple issue, the angels against the demons. The situation is cruelly unjust, but we must have compassion and love for the tormentors as well as for the tormented. There are no easy solutions.

Pray for Sinners

It becomes more and more clear to me that while we are hating and denouncing the sin, comforting and consoling and suffering with the sinner, against, we must love the sinner, recognizing in ourselves the same callousness, and heartlessness, and lovelessness, that moves him to do such evil things. I think we need to remember that we too are the killers of Christ, and to approach the segregationist with the same humility with which we approach the alcoholic and all those who seem to sin without understanding.

This is tremendously hard for me. It would be even harder if I lived with the Negroes and saw what the effects of segregation were. But argument and discussion and denunciation are vain and self-righteous so long as I fail to connect my own sins and failures with the sufferings of Christ in the Negro.

The racial problem is our problem not only because it concerns our brothers, but also because we have helped to create the problem.

The Liturgical Week

By Rev. Emile Briere

A few weeks ago Mary Davis, Rejeanne George, Ray Fecteau, Mike Fagan—Staff Workers—and myself, had the great joy of attending the 21st North American Liturgical Week in the hospitable city of Pittsburgh. The theme this year, "The Liturgy and Unity in Christ" was well designed to prepare our minds and hearts for the forthcoming Ecumenical Council in Rome.

We were all impressed by the quality of the talks given, the sincerity of the speakers, the seriousness of the delegates. Some 6000 priests, nuns and lay people from all over North America attended these sessions; some 10,000 were present at the outdoor Mass at the Point, in downtown Pittsburgh and were preserved from a drenching while it rained all over the city.

Around the Corner

Catholics meet so as to bring Christ to each other. We went to Pittsburgh to touch Christ, and we were not disappointed. Truly we felt that we had witnessed, and had been part of a tangible growth of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Throughout the meeting of the first two days, it seemed to me that Christ was hovering just around the corner. He became present during the evening talks of the second day. Father Joseph T. Nolan of St. Margaret Mary Church, Wichita, Kansas, got up to speak on "The Scandal of Disunity". He was the instrument of grace. The whole vast crowd responded to his words with joy and enthusiasm. We were of one mind and one heart. And Christ was in our midst.

Particularly refreshing was the evidence of great love manifested by all speakers and participants whenever Eastern Rites, the Orthodox, and Protestants were discussed. Following the example of our present Holy Father, the acrimony of the past is giving way to a greater understanding, a greater tolerance, a greater love. Proof of this, for instance, was the condemnation of the term "non-Catholic" to the ash can. It is better to say, "Our separated brethren", as the Holy See does, with the accent on brethren.

Brethren Rejoice

Another interesting observation was the unanimous desire of the participants for a greater use of the vernacular in the Mass of the Catechumens.

Sound theology, sincere concern for a better pastoral ministry, a healthy return to the essentials within a modern framework—these seemed to me to characterize this 21st Liturgical Week.

There were no screwball schemes proposed. No deadening conservatism stifled the atmosphere. Freedom under the law, initiative under the guidance of the hierarchy, and apostolic zeal under the rule of supernatural prudence, made this a memorable experience.

Much good will follow in the wake of this Liturgical Week. May the pioneers dead or alive rejoice at the visible blessing of God upon their labors.



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